

WHY HE LIKES DUDES

HOW A PONY TENDERFOOT ASTONISHED A ROUGH WESTERNER.

Heckle his hair white, and wore clean collars. He was dubbed "Mush and Mollies"—he showed what he was made of by saving a Ranger's life.

We had stopped at a railroad station on the Pecos river, and many of the passengers were waiting up and down the long platform. Among them was a dapper young man who excited considerable ridicule from the dozen rough fellows hanging about. One of them finally said something about "chawing him up," when an old man in the gang raised his hand and said:

"That's 'nough, boys; don't go any further."

"What's it to you?" demanded the other.

"A heap, I reckon! It's no much to me that I'll do a little shootin on that fellow's account if he needs be."

The two men looked menacingly at each other, and for twenty seconds I expected to see them draw and fire. Then the younger one walked away, growling as he went, leaving the field to the old man.

"Would you have fought for the dude?" asked when the strain had been relieved.

"Bartini!" he grimly answered.

"But you don't know him."

"No, and probably never shall, but the sort o' reminds me of a little circumstance that happened seven or eight years ago. I had a ranch up on the Pecos plains, and a dude came out from New York city to visit a nuyber o' mine. He was just such a beanstalk as this chap. He had soft hands, a woman's way of talkin, and I looked him over and made up my mind that a Texas baby three years old could give him pointers. Why, darn it, if he didn't wear white shirts and collars and play the piano! I tried to be civil to him, 'cause he was a stranger, but he 'bout made me sick. I never looked at him without thinkin o' 'mash and 'lasses."

"Well?"

"Well, after he'd bin out there 'bout three months, Jim and me went out one day to look up some stray mustangs. The first thing we knew we got a volley from a lot of Injuns who had broke loose from the reservation. Jim was hit in the shoulder, but fortunately carried off by his horse, who was a fier. I headed for a sink I knewed of and reached it without a scratch. Then, you see, my caper was to stand 'em off till Jim could send help. I had a Winchester and plenty of cartridges, and during the first hour I wounded one and killed another.

"Then I got a chunk o' lead through this right arm and begun to feel a bit nervous as to how it would turn out. I swiped a bullet into another, and in return I got this rascal along the skull. It wasn't ten minutes after that befo' I begun to feel powerful sick and weak, and I felt reckoned that my scalp was goin to make an ornament on some red critter's belt."

"But you still stood them off?"

"As well as able, but the end would hev come in about fifteen minutes more. The last three or four shots I fired I was so blind I couldn't see a rod. The reils was shakin to each other and makin ready to close in when I heard a whinny man yellin. I couldn't see what took place, but I know how it was just the same. That mush and 'lasses dude was out on a horse huntin jackass rabbits, and Jim ran across him and told him how I was fixed and axed him to ride for help. What do you think the darned case did?"

"Rode for home?"

"Not much! He rode for me! He'd never seen a war Injun in his life, and Jim told him there was a full dozen arter me, but it made no difference. He comes up on a dead run, yellin and shootin, and I'll chaw my hat if he didn't lay out two of the critters and kill a pony after they could get away. He sailed right in so mighty hard that they thought he had a big crowd behind him. That little dude with soft hands and puny arms lifted me onto his horse and rode to my ranch and then heads a crowd back and runs them reds 'leven miles and kills another."

"Why, darn it, he got two ponies out of that scrap, and he gathered up more warumpum, bows, arrows, tomahawks, knives and such than any six of us had collected in five years. When I got about I helped him to box and ship 'em to some club in New York. 'Pears to me it was something like the Mashin club. Leastwise, it had a 'tarnal longish name, and the feller was a member."

"And you came to like him?"

"Say! He kin hev all I've got in this world any time he axes for it. I made a big mistake sixin him up. He could beat any of us with the pistol, and the feller who took hold of him for a rascal was throwed sky high before he could bite his tacker. He could run like a deer, outjump a kangaroo and we couldn't find a broncho who could buck him off."

"And that's why you interfered, is it?"

"Exactly. Show me a dude and I'll back him. These boys here learned the difference between a dude and a fule yit, but I hev and I don't want no better chaps behind me in a pinch than dudes, specially New York dudes."—New York Herald.

To Take Off Old Paint.

It is very seldom now that you see a painter burn off old paint with a spirit lamp or torch, though there are still a few who stick to the old method. The easiest way to clean paint off wood, or even metal, is to mix lime and soda pretty thickly in water and then apply freely with a brush. After a short time the paint can be scraped off without difficulty. Any amateur can use this recipe only a little care is advisable, as the mixture will remove skin from the hands or face even more rapidly than it will remove paint from wood or metal.

Sanitizing Themselves.

To a great extent the reciprocity project was a humbug. It was intended as a sugar coating for the bitter pill of the McKinley tariff. "What do we care for abroad?" said Major McKinley. "Let us cultivate and develop the home market and leave foreign trade to take care of itself," said other leading lights of Republicanism. Yet in spite of these declarations of antagonism to foreign trade the Republicans tackled the reciprocity sections to the McKinley law with the pretended purpose of securing new foreign "markets" for our agricultural and manufacturing.—Rochester (N. Y.) Herald.

Does Lightning Sour the Milk?

It is a well known fact that milk is especially apt to sour during the prevalence of a thunderstorm, and from this it has been surmised that the electric discharge held some mysterious sway over the lactated fluid. An Italian experimenter, one Professor A. Tolomei, has been making trials of various sorts, the object being to throw some light on electric influence over milk molecules.

In his first experience he passed an electric discharge from a Holtz machine between two balls of platinum hanging two inches apart in a bottle containing a quart of fresh milk; soon, by sending a current between two strips of platinum at the bottom of a V tube filled with the same fluid; this, by subjecting milk in a test tube to the action of a strong battery current through a silk covered copper wire wound spirally around the tube.

In each one of these experiments, which were as thorough as any lover of science could wish, it was proved that acidification of the milk was delayed instead of hastened, as had been expected. Three equal portions of milk from the same milking thus treated began to grow acid on the seventh, ninth and sixth days, respectively, while other portions of it which had not been treated with electricity was rankly acid on the evening of the third day. Having thus disproved the popular theory of lightning being the direct cause of the acidification of milk, Professor Tolomei tried ozone and found therein the mystic agent of milk souring. In his second trial of ozone he brought the surface of a quantity of milk close to the two balls of the machine used, and the fluid almost instantly became acid in consequence.

Here at last a mystery that has puzzled professors and peasants alike has been made plain.—St. Louis Republic.

Shoes for the Dead.

Among Chicago's industries is a factory where the manufacture of shoes for corpses is carried on exclusively.

Out of five neat black boxes a representative of the firm yesterday took as many different sizes. These were adults' and children's shoes. The material corresponds with the purpose of their use. The shoes are certainly nice to look at. The soles are cut out of pasteboard and are covered with grained paper. The uppers are a combination of quilted satin and crocheted work. A ribbon, inserted at the top and tied in a neat bow-knot, holds the shoe to the foot.

"Men's shoes are always black," it was said. "Occasionally we turn out a lot of brown ones. We have had special orders for men's white shoes, but only in a few instances. Shoes for women and children are always white. They are not expensive; five to fifteen dollars will purchase a dozen pairs."

The burial shoe is a patented article. It was designed by a Joliet (Ill.) woman milliner, who now enjoys the profits of her idea. The Chicago company has been in existence for nearly a decade, and is catering to an ever increasing demand. The firm employs a traveling man, who covers all the territory between Maine and California. It takes ten girls and several machines to keep up with his orders. The average monthly output is 15,000 pairs during the dull season. It is increased to 25,000 during a busy period.—Chicago Tribune.

The Gold Cure Is Very Old.

The precious metal has been employed both externally and internally, in the metallic state, in solution and by sympathy, for a great variety of the ills that flesh is heir to, for over 2,000 years. The first of these was the use of gold to employ this highly prized material as a well told in the quaint language of the distinguished Dutch physician and chemist, Hermann Boerhaave; writing about 1725, he says: "The alchemists will have this metal contain I know not what radical half the life capable of restoring health, and continuing it to the longest period."

What led the early physicians to imagine such wonderful virtue in gold was that they perceived certain qualities therein which they fancied must be conveyed thereby into the body; gold, for instance, is not capable of being destroyed, hence they concluded it must be very proper to preserve animal substances and save them from putrefaction, which is a method of reasoning very much like that of some fanciful physicians who sought for an assuring remedy in the blood of an ass' ear by reason the ass is a very calm beast!"—Professor H. Carrington Bolton in Popular Science Monthly.

A Laughable Superstition.

"A curious illustration of the value of superstitions," said Mr. Kunz, the diamond expert for Tiffany & Co., "was afforded the other day by a lady who brought a set of opals here for the purpose of selling them. She felt obliged to part with them on account of a series of misfortunes in her family which she feared were attributable to the gems, so notoriously unlucky. On examining them I found that they were merely imitations. A few weeks ago I had in my possession three sealshells which had been transformed into opals. Their original limy material had been dissolved out of the rock by which they were inclosed, and the precious substance was deposited by water in place of the lime, retaining the form of the shells. A graduate of Harvard college bought the curiously presented lot to that institution."—New York Sun.

An Absentminded Journalist.

Jim Faberpusher is one of the most industrious journalists in New York. He lives off of nothing but his professional duties.

One day his wife (to whom he was recently married) said to him:

"You don't speak to me any more. Have you ceased to love me?"

"Oh, no, but I just can't find time. I'm pressed for time."

"Yes, but I don't get pressed at all," responded the neglected wife. This well merited rebuke reminded the journalist of his obligations to his better half.—Texas Siftings.

Respective Lambs.

A flock of ewes and lambs were once observed in adjoining fields, separated by a fence with several gaps in it. "Follow my leader" was the game most in favor with this flock, the biggest lamb leading around the field and then jumping the gap, with all the others following in single file. Any lamb that took the leap unusually well would give two or three more enthusiastic jumps out of sheer exuberant happiness when it reached the other side. Fawns played a sort of erom touch from one side to the other, the "touch" in each case being by the nose.—London Tit-Bits.

NO BIG ANIMALS.

WHAT VAST AREAS OF LAND IN TORRID COUNTRIES LACK.

Some Districts in Which There Are No Wild Animals of Considerable Size. Islands of the West Indian Archipelago Called a "Gameless Country."

A Russian naturalist, Professor MacLay, who passed several years in the interior of Papua, describes the highland district of the great island as a region's remarkable for its scenery and productivity as for its salubrious climate.

A perpetual May in the terrace lands, with March and April plateaus here and there in the highest mountains. The area of the whole island exceeds that of Texas, but its population hardly aggregates a million, most of the aborigines being lowland settlers, black fiddlers gorged with the yam roots and wild hog steaks of the coast plain. The uplands, too, abound with game and fish, and the only conceivable reason why the natives should limit their hunting grounds to the sweltering coast jungles is their preference for a climate that enables them to dispose with dry goods the year round.

In the Torres range there are summits towering to the height of 11,000 feet, but the close proximity of the equator has covered the highlands with a luxuriant vegetation. Snow is hardly ever seen, but still alpine-like frost-vents—occur now and then, and the frizzle haired coast dwellers avoid the mountains as the Indians of Mexico avoid the lowlands of the tierra fria. Papua is a paradise of birds, but the kingdom of mammals is represented only by a few manapulas (ground kangaroos, tree kangaroos and possums) besides the wild hogs of the river jungles.

A much stranger country in regard to the absence of wild animals is found in the near neighborhood of our own continent. The West Indian archipelago, with its four magnificent islands, countless islets, has been justly termed the "gameless country." A region of more than a hundred thousand square miles, monopolized almost entirely by birds and insects (even reptiles being scarce), as if the archipelago had been somehow overlooked on the last two days of creation, and left to be settled by such creatures as could reach its coasts swimming or flying. There are forests teeming with spontaneous fruit, but no monkeys, no wild hogs, no bears or raccoons. The larger carnivora are not represented by a single species.

No pumas or jaguars (though both are found on the coasts of the neighboring mainland), no panthers, lynx or wildcat. Foxes, weasels and jackals, too, are conspicuous by their absence. The caves of the limestone Sierra would seem to be admirably adapted to marmots and woodchucks, but they are tenanted only by bats. On the fine highland pastures there are no bison, no deer, no antelopes, and, strange to say, not even rabbits. Sheep, goats, horses, donkeys, cows, hogs and even chickens were introduced after the Spanish conquest, and the only domestic mammal kept by the natives at the time of discovery was a small kind of wolf (prairie wolf) imported from Mexico, and a few species of squirrels, which the Cubans fattened for culinary purposes without knowing anything about a choice product—the gliraria (rat kennels) of the ancient Romans, who preferred domestic porcupine to the best Syrian pheasant pie.

Dogs and cats were unknown, and that lack of household pets seems to have driven the aborigines to strange expedients, for in Ogilby's Voyages there is a record of a Spaniard who introduced a cat to a chief of a small island, and the cat kept a tame manatee that made its headquarters in an artificial pond and was so well tamed that "when called by its name, Matoom, it would come out of the water and go directly to the cat's house, where, being fed, it would lie down and purr."

Manatees have become rather scarce on the coast of San Domingo, but are often seen near the Island of Pinos, northwest of Cuba, where shoals of the strange creatures may be seen sporting about the reef like the sea lions below the Cliff House. Of all aquatic mammals the manatee, however, can claim the championship in the art of dodging a sudden attack; a leveled harpoon is enough to make them plunge under with a "no yon-tion" sort, and then pop up again at unexpected times and places, waving their flippers in derision, and ready to disappear for good at the first suspicious motion.

The luxury of the Dominican cacique was therefore not apt to be shared by many of his subjects. Puppies and kittens were never seen in their cabins, and the largest land animal of the island was an overgrown rat, known as the hutia, and measuring about eighteen inches without the tail. Its caudal appendage is a compromise between that of the true rat and the California porcupine, whom it resembles in its fur, for its hair and in its burrowing mania, one pair owning often as many as four different dens, more or less connected by subterranean tunnels.

With the exception of that shy rodent, Cuba, San Domingo, Jamaica and Costa Rica have no land creature deserving the name of a game animal, for even the omnivorous appetite of the Haytian dachshund draws the line at the musk scented giant rats of the coast forests.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Most Costly Book.

The most costly book in the world is declared to be a Hebrew Bible now in the Vatican. It is said that in 1812 Pope Pius VII refused to sell the Bible for its weight in gold, which would amount to \$108,000. That is the greatest price ever offered for a book.—New York Sun.

Black Hosiery.

The demand for black hosiery that has been so great for several years continues unabated, and although this year the sale of colored goods has somewhat increased, still the leading houses report that black constitutes 75 per cent. of all sold. Even in the finest grades of fancy hosiery, in silk and wool, the use of colors is in the embroidery or stripes or lace effects, the stocking being still in black.—Dry Goods Economist.

A greyhound mother at Nevada, Mo., having had two pups carried off, her feed then up, carried them home, dug a hole under the fence and hid them.

Pussy Did It with a Little Hatchet.

A peculiar accident befell the two-year-old daughter of George Colvin, at Hope, Wednesday afternoon. The child was playing about the room in which the cat lay fast asleep on a shelf. Near where the cat lay was a hatchet, and a movement by the child knocked the hatchet off the shelf, striking the child on the face and cutting a gash nearly four inches long. The child is in a somewhat precarious condition from the loss of blood.—Providence Journal.

The railway mileage of Canada has just about doubled in the past ten years. In 1881 there were 7,230 miles of railway in the Dominion, and last year there were 14,000. The earnings last year were \$48,192,099, and the expenses \$34,960,448.

Not Two Prices.

Husband—Seems to me you paid two prices for everything you bought this morning.

Wife—Indeed I didn't. I went to the one price store.—New York Weekly.

"The Ghost of Leap Year."

In France there is a popular tradition among the peasantry, especially those of the Seine country, as of La Chaire, concerning a demon called "The Ghost of Leap Year." It is said that every leap year this peculiar sort of evil demon makes his dread appearance. The creature's sole pleasure is to be displeased with everything and everybody. His shape is not distinguishable in member, joint or limb, but a transparent green, hideous and uncanny actions make him a much dreaded monster.—St. Louis Republic.

A Primitive Primrose Dame.

A Primrose dame, a member of the grand council of a certain seaside habitation, called to canvass an elector. The elector was a Liberal and tried to get some fun out of his visitor. "What do you think, ma'am," he asked, "about the eight hour movement?" "Well, it does seem hard, doesn't it?" replied the dame. "To make men work from 6 o'clock in the morning till 8 o'clock at night."—London Truth.

The Colors of Amber.

Amber has a wonderful variety of colors. Some of it is as clear as crystal, some as yellow as honey, some light blue and again a transparent green. Then it is found as white as snow, the color of cream, and often many of these tints are blended in one piece. There is a popular notion to the effect that amber has curative qualities for such ailments as croup and sore throat, and amulet necklaces of it are sold abundantly for that purpose.—Interview in Washington Star.

How to Conciliate an Editor.

"You look awful blue. What is the matter with you?"

"That editor has sent back my last batch of poems. I wish I knew how to get his good will, and stop the editor."

"That's easy enough done."

"How am I to do it to put him to good humor?"

"Don't send him any more of your poetry."—Texas Siftings.

In Kentucky the public school teachers are not paid a fixed salary, but receive so much for each pupil. This plan has one good effect, that of stimulating teachers to secure scholars and thus extend the benefits of education, but some have been found making false returns.

All intelligent persons are familiar with the fact that the body is in a perpetual state of assimilation and elimination—nutrition and waste. The two processes balance each other in a healthy and normal physical condition.

Columbus' Idea of the World.

Columbus believed the solid part of the sphere to be larger than the liquid part, and the distance by the sunset road between the East Indies and western Europe to be less than it is.

But in those two capital errors lay the great incentive to the execution and success of his purpose. Had he known the vast planetary spaces covered by the waters, the continent interspersed between his own Europe and the land of diamonds, gold and spices; the difficulty and peril of the passage yet to be braved in the far regions of the antarctic pole in order to sail from our continental Europe to the oriental Indies by the west coast, he would perhaps have never backed back in alarm and dread.—Emilio Castelar in Century.

Why, Indeed?

"Why does a dog run sideways or diagonally?" inquired the purchaser of a fine black Newfoundland pup of a dog fancier the other day. "Well, sir, that's a question I've been asked frequently, and after some investigation I have concluded the reason is that the animal has been brought up that way. Why does a chicken roost on one foot, or an owl keep its eyes wide open all night long, or a rooster crow vigorously at the break of early dawn, or a pig run homeward with straw in its snout before approaching rain? These are questions that are as difficult to solve as some of the astronomical problems."—Philadelphia Press.

For Scrofula.

"After suffering for about twenty-five years from scrofula, I was cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and a wonderful cure was the result. Five bottles sufficed to restore me to health."—Benjamin Lopez, 327 E. Commerce st., San Antonio, Texas.

Catarh.

"My daughter was afflicted for nearly a year with catarh. The physicians being unable to help her, my pastor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I followed the directions, and after a few days of regular treatment with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills completely restored my daughter's health."—Mrs. Louise Little, Little Canada, Ware, Mass.

Rheumatism.

"For several years, I was troubled with inflammatory rheumatism, being so bad at times as to be entirely helpless. For the last two years, whenever I felt the effects of the disease, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have not had a spell of long time."—E. T. Hansbrough, Elk Run, Pa.

For all blood diseases, the best remedy is

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢; six bottles, \$1.25. Cures others, will cure you.

CLAIRETTE SOAP.

N.K. FAIRBANK & CO. ST. LOUIS.

If you wish to make clothes as white as the sun And finish your work as soon as begun, CLAIRETTE SOAP is the thing that will do it, And having once bought it you never will rue it.

Considerable astonishment was recently excited in a zone of Sweden and Russia, comprising the towns of Stockholm, Ellsveigroed, Pinsk, Kovno and St. Petersburg, by the appearance in the air and the eventual deposit on the ground of large clouds of a powder of peculiar appearance.

Two Weddings.

There were two weddings amid unusual surroundings in Colorado a few days ago. The second was an attempt to go one better on the first for novelty and romance, and it would not be surprising if a third should occur soon to cap the climax. The first couple were married on the summit of Pike's peak, the idea maybe being to get as near heaven as possible in the blissful event and perhaps to display an ardor of love that the climate above the snow line could not chill.

The second couple, George F. Schals and Miss Emma Thompson, were married in the weird and beautiful bridal chamber of the Cave of the Winds at Manitou. The wedding party of the romantic pair, comprising the parson and a number of friends, were driven to Williams canon, and climbed the rocky trail into the cave, where the ceremony was performed.—Exchange.

The Ant Pest.

Having had years of torment with ants, both black and red, we lighted upon the following remedy, which with us has worked like magic: One spoonful tartar emetic, one spoonful of sugar, mixed into a thin sirup. As it evaporates or is carried off, add ingredients as needed. A sicker lot of pests would be hard to find. Whether they impart the results to the household or whether all are killed, I know not. Certain it is they do not pay us a second visit.

For ants on the lawn, a spoonful of paris green, cut with alcohol and made into sirup with sugar and water, can be placed on pieces of glass or crockery—cover from domestic pets—and the onslaught will be satisfactory.—Cor. New York Observer.

A Terrible Accident.

A terribly fatal accident destroyed a whole family at Coburg, Germany. Father, mother and two sons were occupied in cleaning out a coop, so deep that they could not get in without a ladder. Suddenly the father, standing on the ladder, became unconscious and fell. His son hastened down to rescue him and fell also. The same happened to the second son, and the mother, seeing her whole family in the pool, also went to try and fetch them out. She had hardly stepped upon the ladder when the poisonous gas rendered her also unconscious and she fell down. When it was possible to take them out all four were dead.—Chicago Herald.

A WASHINGTON LETTER.

One firm in Buffalo spends more money at the Buffalo Post-office than all the Banks and News-Papers combined.

A Washington (D. C.) letter says, that the post-office authorities at Washington report that one firm in Buffalo—the World's Dispensary Medical Association—spends annually one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000) for stamps alone, in carrying on their extensive proprietary business. This is more than all the banks and newspapers of Buffalo combined spend for postage.

Here's a firm which has grown, step by step, through many years to greatness. The reason for this wonderful growth has been that they have faith in what they sell, so much faith that if they can't benefit or cure, they don't want your money.

For many years they have been selling Dr. Pierce's remedies—one, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for regulating and invigorating the liver and purifying the blood; the other, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the hope of every womanhood, and they've sold for years, sold by the million bottles; sold under a positive guarantee of benefiting or curing, or your money will be refunded.

WINE AND EAR.

DR. CHAS. E. WALKER, JACOBSON BUILDING, DENVER.

J. CROCKET GIVENS, Proprietor of the

PALACE SALOON, CENTRAL, N. M.

The Choicest of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

CURED AND CROSSED OFF.

This engraving resembles Miss Bertha Anderson, 1011 Curtis Street, Denver.

MISS BERTHA ANDERSON.

"My food distressed me when I commenced myself to eat, and I was at all times nervous and restless. I was now and then, after about two months treatment that I am happily rid of my ailment, and I am just as well now as I was sick at the time I first came to you for medical care. My friends remark my altered appearance, and comment on the change so much for the better. I shall always bless the day that I saw your advertisement of cures made, and placed myself in your hands for treatment by your London Household method. I would be pleased to reply to any return up to the authenticity of this statement."

Dr. Charles Hume gives in London Household method. His offices are in the People's Bank Building, Rooms 80 & 81, Denver, Colo.

Patients at a distance are treated so successfully as those who visit the office. A carefully prepared symptom blank is sent to all applicants.

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